



The Rainy BOW

S O U L

THrough and thro' the rainy bow
which shines both red and green Lord,
The heav'nly colours which we see,
shews us the seas between, Lord,

Then help me thro' the seas, O Lord,
the firmament above, Lord,
That I may be with Jesus Christ,
he is my only love, Lord.

Send down thy boat with angels float,
be ferryman to me Lord,
My sweet Redeemer refuse not,
because I trust in thee, Lord.

C H R I S T.

I Hear thy call tho' ne'er so small,
thy thoughts I know right well, man,
Thy sighing groans thy heavy moans,
thou need not them conceal, man.

Then leave ill life and wicked strife,
and turn to me with zeal, man;
And thou shalt have that blessed life,
my favour thou shalt feel man,

Still thou must strive while thou'rt alive,
against these enemies three, man,
The devil, the world, the wicked flesh,
if thou wilt dwell with me, man.

And sin abhor for evermore,
hate fraud continually, man,
If thou wilt have the heavenly gift,
that is prepar'd for thee man.

S O U L

FAin would I strive while I'm alive,
my enemies are strong, Lord,

I may not bide another tide,
for fear I tarry long, Lord.]

Wilt thou send down thy blessed spirit,
and lend thy helping hand, Lord,
And bring me thto' the Jordan flood,
unto the promis'd land, Lord.

The land of life, that ends our strife,
this land I fain would see, Lord,
Tha t I who am thy espoused wife,
may gladly meet with thee, Lord.

Thou for to reign, and I to sing,
in glore continually, Lord,
Thou art our priest both head and king,
Therefore I'll dwell with thee, Lord.

C H R I S T.

YET thou must 'bide another tide
or else thou shalt not win man,
My captain death must cut thy breath,
before thou enter in, man.

My Holy Sp'rit the guide is sweet,
must purge thee from all sin, man,
Thou must have better washen feet,
before thou enter in, man.

S O U L

Then make me clean to God I mean,
for this is my desire, Lord,
And thou shalt have that soul of mine,
and take it for thine hire, Lord.

To reign in glore for evermore,
into the Heaven's empire, Lord,
Alas! my soul is deadly snar'd,
drown'd in a sinful mire, Lord.

F I N I S

February 11th, 1776.

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